arttamulla intu matam

The *magnum opus* of Kaviyarasu Kannadasan

Read in English......

A humble tribute of Dr.N.RAMANI to a great poet....

BOOK VII

PLEASANT THOUGHTS

(SUKAMANA SINTANAIKAL)

SIX

The Hindu Gods are not kept on an elevated status with no semblance whatsoever to human life.

Hinduism does not proclaim, "God is not to be treated on equal terms with anything".

The Hindu God functions in human form.

The Hindu God relates Himself with many aspects of human life.

He loves; he becomes excited; He fights in a war; He preaches just terms of warfare.

He becomes an envoy at times of war; He preaches political justice.

He even becomes an emissary bringing the lover and his lady-love together.

That’s why neither the Hindu puranas nor itihasas are dry.

Hinduism has no apprehension of the cat coming out the bag when its scriptures are read by people of other faiths.

Our itihasas have the majesty of worldliness;

One such is the pleasant dreams of a lady in love.

Jayadevar describes this attitude in terms almost of pornography.

Though it is a ripened stage of the wisdom of the divine, it is full of sexy-juice.

He wrote the *Ashtapathi Githa Govindam* hundreds of years ago.

The book consists of twenty four songs of eight lines each with certain refrains interposing.

There is quite a humorous anecdote about it. One of the white officials in pre-independent India happened to read the book. He issued orders banning the book, contending that it was obscene.

An arrest warrant was issued against Jayadevar.

Then only he was told that Jayadevar had lived many centuries ago.

Radha, longs for Krishna; Krishna longs for Radha. A maid-friend becomes the emissary.

Between these scenes we have descriptions of their past togetherness.

Each description is quite interesting.

Though a bit licentious, taken in divine terms, man’s desire for worldliness is inspired through them.

The flavour of literary romance runs throughout the *Githa Govindham.*

That’s why this book does not find a place on the stages of religious discourses.

Many people do not include this book in the list of devotional literature.

But I want this to be included in the list.

Recently I have published eight of these songs in poetic form in the magazine *Kannadasan.*

I will translate the other songs also into a Tamil.

The maid tells Kannan:

Kesava! Do you know how Radha has languished? She is not able to bear the weight of even the golden chain around her neck. She faints and keeps fainting often.

Kesava! thou standest in hiding; she’s in a fit of fainting!

I smeared cold sandal paste on her breasts. She shouted, "Oh, it is scorching".

"Why do you add poison to my woe? she rebukes me.

Her heart is afire; her breath is as hot fire.

Kesava! thou standest in hiding: she’s in a fit of fainting!

Kanna! what deceit is this of your ?

You’re so deceived by a languish so lean Kasava...

Kesava! thou standest in hiding: she’s in a fit of fainting!

She thought of dragging you down to herself with the net of her eyes. She started shedding tears realising that manivannan has escaped.

Her heart has been wounded; her eyes are sunk in tears; Radha has become one like a worm fallen into fire.

Kesava! thou standest in hiding: she's in a fit of fainting!

I made her lie on the soft couch of the tender leaves of the mango tree. She cried, "Oh! why did you put fire on my cot?"

Her misery is not just that little!

Kesava! thou standest in hiding: she's in a fit of fainting!

Oh you who had held the hill as an umbrella! who had saved the cowherds!

Gopala who kisses the Gopiars!

Kanna, who had routed out the whole clan of Kamsa!

Rain cloud you are and you pour your grace on the devotees!

Won't you save Radha?

- Kannan hears the words of the maid. He too falls into longing. He tells her about his own longing and asks her to bring Radha to him immediately.

The maid goes to Radha and tells her.

Radha, saw did I Kannan!

He is where the breeze rocks the cradle;

Where red flowers spread sweet fragrance;

Manmatan (the God of Love) who torments lovers in separation, torments Kannan too.

Separated and faltering in gait,

Vanamali is in a fit of faint.

As the God of Love shoots his arrows,

The moon saps his life,

Kannan is languishing in loneliness

Separated and faltering in gait,

Vanamali is in a fit of faint.

Midnight!

The bees hum; the flowers are sleeping to the lullaby of the humming;

But Madavan is not able to sleep.

He roams here and there; longs for you;
Separated and faltering in gait,
Vanamali is in a fit of faint.
He has left his house for good. He has spread a bed of wild flowers and is waiting in the wilderness.
His mouth calls for ever, "Radha, ... Radha ..."
On a flower bed spread on grassy cot, unsleeping, smiling with his bright teeth shining, he is languishing in lust.
Separated and faltering in gait,
Vanamali is in a fit of faint.
If the koels perched on trees during the night shiver their feathers, he runs here and there with desire to see if his Radha is coming to him.
Though he hasn't found you, lady, he hasn't lost hope.
This faint night is the right time for him to meet you.
Separated and faltering in gait,
Vanamali is in a fit of faint.
When a thunder roars in the distant sky, he says, " This is the sound of Radha's anklet".
He keeps on praising your beauty thinking again and again how he embraced you in the forest.
Separated and faltering in gait,
Vanamali is in a fit of faint.
Wearing the silk, with fragrant hair, the handsome hero goes in search of a place suited to play with you in desire. The lady love that you are, follow him and appease with your charm his lust that bursts out knocking at the sides of his heart.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in playful embrace.
He plays your name repeatedly on his flute.
The mildly fragrant and soft flowers kindle in him the desire to hold your soft (fragrant) body in an embrace.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks,
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in a playful embrace.

He will be awaiting you
with his eyes fixed on the road,
with the bird flapping its wings by his side,
with the green creepers dancing gently,
with the eagerness of expectation of your arrival.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in a playful embrace.
The tinkling anklet-ring create a havoc
It stands in the way of our intercourse
The night closes in dressed in black
The darkling bower is the right place in such a moment
Know you this and give up your hesitation.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in a playful embrace.
The garland clinging to Murahari's chest is like a flock of white birds along the dark sky.
You with a sparkling waist!
Give up being coy and enjoin Him who has come to dispel your distress. This is the right moment and give up your hesitation.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in a playful embrace.
The cot is spread by the Goddess of Earth. As soon as you lie on it, remove your girdle.
Unite with him in lust.
He will open his lotus eyes and drink your beauty.
He will be waiting for you with a mouth gaped in passion. Embrace him who embraces you. Let him taste the sweetness of your body. Let him get whatever he seeks; Let nothing be hidden from him. Unite with him and let him have a feast of love like a bee feasting on the flowers.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks.
For Vanamalai to Lord the breasts of affectionate gopies in a playful embrace.
He cannot wait until tomorrow. You, smiling like a sheath of flowers, get set and go.

Go and take in the heart of the bull to keep like a jewel in a glass case. Madhuhari will also become happy at heart, then.
This is the right moment to faint in passion aroused by magnetic intercourse. Get going with no hesitation.
The blissful breeze blows by the river banks
For Vanamali to hold the breasts of affectionate gopis in a playful embrace.
Jayadevar who describes the union between Radha and Kannan in voluptuous terms also brings in philosophic terms.
Voluptuous union is a kind of harmony.
It is the union of two, resulting in one.
That is the advaita state; a state of samati.
Though speaking in physical terms, his implications are spiritual.
During moments of copulation all created beings function in a state of non-duality.
Coming together into a harmonious unity, man and woman are to get engaged in the virtuous path of householding.
Even the cattle have a surge of this feeling quite often.
Radha Krishna bhava is the essence of worldliness.
It should not be asked, "How can one have such voluptuous stories in the name of God?".
Bagavan is ascribed the role of the teacher of materialistic pleasure.
The science of love is illustrated in the passions of God.
It evolves as the climactic passion of life.
Lust is the state of passivity in activity.
When the mind gets engaged in the activity, thoughts remain passive in other directions.
She keeps thinking only about him as he her.
Is not that the ideal of the philosophy of devotion?
She bedroom is called "palli arai".
The God going to bed is also called "Palli".
The peace derived after intercourse is similar to the peace afforded by devotion.
The bliss derived from devotion is available in intercourse too.
Why is there a distinction between sexes and why should both have passion for each other, in the created order of the world?

If the creator has been against lust why should he have created forms in two sexes?

The Tamil word for pleasure in lust is *sirrinpam;* that for bliss in divine relationship is *perinpam.* In both, you have *"inpam"* (happiness, pleasure).

That's why the temple towers have images indulging in sex.

In the temples at Nepal, there are images of a woman deity lying supine. Kunkumam is kept only on the vagina of the deity about which I have already written.

For that matter, the linga form is a combination of the vagina and the penis in copulation.

This is necessary for the dynamics of the world.

Marriages make families preserve traditions and culture.

God cannot descend upon the earth every month to create. Man and woman are but the tools of His creation.

At the same time, they cannot function mechanically.

If it were a trade, a mechanical labour, like making pots or vessels, devoid of any pleasure, the labourers would only desire to rest from labour and not keep on labouring.

That is why there is an admixture of a strain of pleasure in it.

If it be only pleasure, it would become the momentary purge of cattle.

So it was described in terms of a performing art.

It took diverse forms.

Every single movement was exaggerated.

A mere look made an epic.

Kissing was classified into many kinds and types.

Even the ascetics who had renounced domestic life spoke in those terms.

Each of the single hair the body was made the subject of an epic.

In all languages, the same strain took the form of such descriptions that made readers have the desire for such personal experiences.

So, the purpose is creation; the means are two; the descriptions are meant to activate the means.

If we remember that the original purpose is creation, lust will not become an obscene indulgence.

Lust, intercourse will become a holy mission.

Jayadevar describes only such a holy intercourse.

He has described the pleasure of intercourse:

When I embrace you and make love, there is a surge of immeasurable pleasure. As the brows slide over the eyes, the pleasure further swells.

He opened his eyes only to feel pleasure all through and sing of it.

Is there an equal to the taste of each other's saliva as the lips are bitten and the honey sucked?

The battle of love persists with neither victory nor defeat to either side.

This is only the beginning.

I could not describe the pleasure in terms of definite stages.

What is the nature of the culmination?

Who can describe?

The arms imprison; the hard breasts knock against the chest; the nails scratch the body everywhere; the teeth bite the rosy lips red at the center; the dark cloud-like hair is disheveled; the oral honey is sucked with live passion - who can describe the bliss in all these acts of love?

New fruits are tasted to intoxicate the brain;

Can't the bodies copulate without defining the rules of the sport of love?

As soon as the war of lust starts, the passions of those who are aware of the signs of the pleasures in copulation, surge and bliss wells forth.

A passionate game; unsaturated taste of bliss: What moves! What postures of union!

The pleasure squeezed out of love, like the juice squeezed out of sugarcane, surges like wave after wave on the ocean.

She has surrendered her body to him; as he attacks her with love, she retaliates with an equal love; as her breasts come leaping forward, she hugs him and dances around; her firm mind is tamed and stands suspended in the air; her speech, mind and act are all held in abeyance.

As the fever of lust leaps up; as the body becomes weary after spending the passions; as the body slithers to the ground like a withered creeper; as the speech becomes short of breath; as the breathing becomes fast while not speaking - which woman will ever forego the pleasure of lust? Which woman will languish without indulging in lust?

O mankind, who can speak, tell me!

Now do you say that any time is good time for union while on earth?

I know that Sivan who has stolen away Sivakami's heart drank poison only in dejection; in dejection at the realisation that his desire for her will not be fulfilled; in such dejection right at the first sight of her beautiful body ashore the milky ocean.

The golden lass lay on the earth as her body became tired after blabbering so much and she slept ...

He drew aside the piece of cloth on her breast and kept looking at her swelled breasts along with their teats, with a bent head and widened eyes.

My Kannan is an eternal playboy
He'll save us everyday from harm and for ever.
The sun pierced through the night to show
The reddened eyes lacking sleep;
The teeth marked lips, lacking luster;
The dried flowers worn on the hair;
The ruffled dress
The exposed parts of her body.

I do not get the right word to describe how the woman in love (nangai) accosted the man (nambi) and copulated even as her bashful eyes teased her at his sight and played the tune of lust in her heart.

I cannot account for the enthusiastic pleasure that Radha derived as she jumped on him at his beckoning, with her
Knotted hair unfurling to touch and twisted on the earth;
Body glistening in the sweat of the heat of passion;
Heavy red lips spreading the fragrance of love;
Breasts leaping forward jingling the necklace of pearls;
Girdle falling in a heap on the ground;
Palms trying to hide her vagina lest it should be seen by others;
Even as she melted and faltered in passion.

The smiling virgin's body trembles in passion like a blade of grass growing on the snow; love becomes articulate; words lose their meaning; the pleasure afforded by her Lord

makes her falter and lose her balance. Oh, how many are the teeth marks on each of her lips!.

There are scores of moments of pleasure when I feed upon the beauty of her face with relish; when I join her for moments of soft embrace I have no words to describe in detail.

I have given above a translated version of the *Gita Govindam* as rendered by my good friend *"Asha"*.

The best illustration for the climax of worldly pleasure in the Hindu way of life is in Jayadevar's *ashtapathi*.

As far as I am concerned, I am very much in favour of poetry which seasons man to follow the path of jnana, singing in terms of lust.

We know about the brisk pace with which Hinduism is spreading in America. A new kind of discipline is taught there.

About twenty men and women stood in a circle hip-deep in water; all naked; a man and a woman alternated in the circle. They had their arms on each other's shoulders. But none should have the sexual urge. Such was the training.

I saw the photograph in the *Life*, about three years ago.

This is to forget lust while in a state of arousal.

Not all of us can be seasoned thus.

Jayadevar's Radha Krishna bhava may arouse lust. But can't the intellectual mind take up the effort of evolving a jnana yoga out of it?

There is no sense in putting aside Jayadevar's *Ashtapadhi Geetha Govindham* as obscene.

The eyes should look at the pages; the mind should read the songs. At the same time even the most virile body should put down lust.

That is the state of the perfectly seasoned jnana.